

Our enemies have refused
to bargain. We have been given
no choice. If we lay down our arms
we may never see them again. Honor
dictates a quick solution. For these reasons
we have decided to fight the last fight.

Where mystery ends, forgetfulness begins.
Give up your search. You don't know
what you're looking for. No,
don't listen to me, keep looking,
who knows what you'll find. On the other side
of this province lies an oceanic playground.
Take it or leave it. But be serious.

-- richard snyder

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Epigrams

I

The difference between
childhood & maturity
is the love of money
& the fear of death.

II

The thrill of
not being pregnant
is comparable only
to the thrill of
not being killed
in mortal combat.

III

While I am typing
don't look too close
over my shoulder
these poems
are my maidenhead
you are parting the hair

Arthur

He never sold
his paintings
even though
they're pretty good
I asked why not?
He said
I like to see them
If I sell one it's gone
You're lucky that way
being a poet
You can sell and keep too
Well I
never thought of it
that way
but it's a pretty
consoling thought
if I sell one.

-- Gail White

New Orleans, LA